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ger to express her regret, "that Frederic and herself were going to tear the grey hairs from each others head."

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT.

"He proves his church true orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks."

At an ordination by the presbytery of ———, in the north of Ireland, the *reverend* body retired to dinner, after which one of them, with a zeal heated by the enjoyments of the table, started on his feet, and exclaimed, "I hear that some in this company deny the divinity of Christ, let me see the man who dare avow such a sentiment, and I will give him a complete beating." No one ventured to encounter such formidable arguments, and the champion of orthodoxy obtained an undisputed victory.

PHYSIOGNOMY, A FALLACIOUS TEST OF CHARACTER.

General Loudon, who so often, as leader of the Austrian armies, successfully opposed Frederic II. of Prussia, generally called Frederic the Great, previously to his entering into the Austrian service, offered himself to Frederic, who contemptuously turned away, and said to his suit: "That man's physiognomy does not please me." The king had reason to repent of this refusal, and the candour to avow his regret.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

KITTY, LOVELY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WHEN Kitty, Blue-eyed maid appears!
Fair Kitty, graceful, artless, gay,
Then thrilling joys, and tor'tring fears,
My soul by turns alternate sway.

When blue-eyed Kitty leads the dance,
My fancy paints an angel form;
When Kitty deigns a tender glance,
Re-kindling joys my fancy warm.

Kitty, of Erin's charming maids,
The loveliest, and the fairest now;
When the nipt bloom of beauty fades,
Virtue shall dignify thy brow.

For Kitty, virtue's voice obeys,
Virtue that noblest, richest pearl;
Sweet innocence adorns thy days,
Fair Kitty, lovely blue-eyed girl.

Nature naught can from change restrain!
And Kitty, too, thy charms will fade!
No!—they'll a lasting tinge retain,
For Virtue, guards thee, blue-eyed maid.

THE following short descriptive sketch of Violet-Lodge, the neat residence of Mrs. H**. over-hanging the river Barrow, and within a few miles of Leighlin-bridge, was taken by a lad who had been on a visit there several days.

VIOLET-LODGE.

NOT tow'ring arches here attract the eye,
Nor marble pillars rear their heads on high,
Despotic wealth no dwelling here has found,
Nor soft profusion, lux'ry sheds around.
Far humbler scenes! here charming little spot,
With simple elegance the eye is caught;
The vi'let tinge, the jess'mine's sweetest bow'r,
The rose, the amaranth, each varied flow'r,
The encirc'ling woodbine, honeysuckle gay,
Here tranquil pleasure, calm delight convey.
Beneath thy brow, a stream with boughs o'erhung,
Its glassy surface slowly winds along:
The distant village,* now the scene adorns,
Rich landscapes constitute, sweet cot, thy charms,
Where mirth, and health, and pleasure ever reign,
And blest contentment is the lot of Jane.†

Rathellen, Oct. 11, 1809. J.N.

WRITTEN AFTER READING A LETTER ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN, WHO DIED OF THE YELLOW FEVER IN VIRGINIA, AND WAS TO HAVE BEEN MARRIED ON HIS RETURN TO EUROPE.

THIS goodly world, so beauteous and so fair,
The work of wisdom, feels no trivial share,
Of trial, sorrow, misery and pain,
That scarce the wounded bosom can explain;
But *suffering virtue*, whereso'er thou art,
Do not despair, though with a bleeding heart;

* Bagnels-Town.
† Its fair inhabitant.

Couldst thou thy part as Heaven the whole surveys,
Perhaps thy sighs might rise to songs of praise.
In youth's fair morn, when tender hearts unite,
The prospect opens with supreme delight;
Distrust retires, life wears her loviest hues,
And brilliant *Hope* her path with roses strews;
While future years in long perspective rise,
Without a cloud to stain the smiling skies;
So met the pair! whose tale the muse essays,
Love shed its influence o'er their early days;
Constant and kind, at eve's soft fall they meet,
'Till time brought forth the sacred promise sweet;
But lo! while thus their mutual minds agree,
The youth look'd frequent to th' alluring sea;
Yet once again, my Mary, let me go—
Our lives shall then a blissful union know.
Reluctant now, with silent grief they part,
The youth respectful holds her to his heart;
Their last embrace some crystal drops allow'd,
Like rainbow tears beneath a falling cloud.
Now to the ship the sad commander hies,
Collects his crew, the Eastern breezes rise,
His sails expand, he leaves his native isle,
While Mary's parting looks his cares beguile;
And still he turns advancing o'er the main,
To that blest hour when they shall meet again:
Illusion all! for they shall meet no more;
The vessel hovers on Rappahannoc's shore,
The hapless captain seeks the infected quay,
And bears unknown the seeds of death away.
Now through his frame the livid fever spreads,
While from the conflict languid life recedes;
His mournful comrades bending o'er his bed,
Their tears around their dying master shed;
And when him breathless to the tomb they bore,
Again they wept; their sorrows stream the more.
Beneath her own paternal roof the maid,
Now liv'd retir'd—the sea she oft survey'd,
And many a long and wishful look she gave,
While sunk the sun beneath the golden wave;
Oft to relieve the hours of anxious thought,
For the dear youth, her skilful fingers wrought,
Some pleasing token of her tender care,
Which he, when she could call him hers, should wear.
But ah! to him no nuptial robes allow'd,
For all he wanted was the mournful shroud:
Where is the heart to nature's feelings true,
But loves to feed on the delightful view,
Affection pictures on our future days,
When wedded love around our hearths shall blaze;
When home shall all our happiest hours employ,
And the full soul shall overflow with joy.
While Mary thus the pleasing hope sustains,
The dying youth forgetful of his pains,
Looks back to her upon a distant shore,
Conscious that he must see her face no more!
Form'd as we are, by thee—*Almighty Power!*
Thy love, I trust, sustained the trying hour,
When far beyond the immeasurable sea,
The youth remembering her, look'd up to *thee.*
Oh! let thy love sustain,—of his bereft,
The tender maid in silent sorrow left,
Let not affliction heavy and severe,
Press on her heart beyond what it can bear;
But let the trials of a feeling mind,
Some lonely months to tender grief assign'd,
In thy pure will a sweet asylum find.

Cumberland. T. W.

AN INVITATION TO CHLOE.

COME Chloe leave the busy town,
Fly from the world's tumultuous noise,
Hie thee to me by Griese's stream,
And taste of Nature's simple joys.

Come breathe with me the balmy air,
Which in this valley we exhale,
Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And listen to the songster's tale.

The vernal showers that softly fall,
Serve but to make the scene more gay,
For greener are the verdant fields,
And warmer is the sun's bright ray.

The opening buds that deck each tree,
The early snow-drop's beauteous flower
All Chloe seem to call for thee,
And ask thee to my humble bower.

Oh! come then, come my long-lov'd friend,
And let us o'er the meadows stray,